And what is Mexico to-day? A nation ever in a doze Where Slumber holds eternal sway Whether or no the eyelids close.

A DAUGHTER OF THESPIS.

BY JOHN D. BARRY

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CHAPTER LIL It was a rainy Sunday night when the company arrived in Boston. Evelyn had asked Mrs. Cohn to engage rooms for herself and Madge at the Mt. Vernon-st. boarding-house, and she knew that she could not reach the place by car. So she decided to be extravagant, and she told Madge that in honor of her return to Boston they would drive up in a cab. Mrs. Cohn, who was in her annual mourning for her absent husband-he had left for Europe three weeks beforewas eagerly waiting for them, and hurried them up to their rooms, which she had had prepared to receive them. On the table, in the front room that looked out on the street, and gave a view of part of the Common. Evelyn noticed a bunch of

"Oh, how good of you," she cried to Mrs. Cohn. Bhe bent over to smell the flowers and discovered a card nestling in the leaves. She glanced at it, flushed and thrust it into her pocket.

"Yes, wasn't it good of me?" said Mrs. Cohn with a queer little inflection of her voice. Evelyn kept her head turned away from her friends, but she knew they were smiling at each other. She knew, too, how Mrs. Cohn and Madge would talk her over when they got a chance to exchange confidences.

She did not see Oswald Webb until the following Tuesday. The play had been well received the night before, and the audience and the critics had been generous to her as a Bostonian, Of course they all spoke of her "improvement"; she was growing tired of hearing about it. "I thought I wouldn't come till it was over.

I thought I'd let you have your triumph first," he said with a smile. He seemed large and more vigorous than ever, possibly because he was so well dressed; his eyes were bright and his cheeks had a healthy tinge of brown on them. "You didn't send the novel," she cried re-

proachfully. "Have you brought it?" He burst out laughing and shook his head. "I've destroyed it," he replied, with a curious light in

his eyes. "Destroyed it?" She looked at him in consternation. Afterward, she wondered if she had turned

He bowed. "I'm sure I did the right thing," he replied with a smile. "But why did you do it? Were you discour-

aged?" "No, but I had an awakening," he replied, laughing at his own mysteriousness. Then, as she continued looking at him with bewilderment in her face, he went on: "I wonder if you no-

"Noticed it? That you had an awakening?" "Oh, no," he cried, laughing again. "I mean the story. I wonder if you noticed in those first chapters what I discovered the other day."

A gleam of intelligence appeared in her face. "Ah, you did notice," he exclaimed.

"I'm not sure that you mean what I mean." she said. "Won't you tell me what you mean." He hesitated a moment. "That's what I came for," he replied more seriously. Then he looked down at his hands. "I had nearly finished it," he went on after a little pause.

"Oh, how I wish I could have seen it. What a shame, what a shame!" she cried. "I'm sure it's all right, and I'm glad I've done

"You're glad you've destroyed it?" "Weil, I didn't mean that. But I am glad that I destroyed it, too. I was bound to do that. I eant that I was glad I'd written ft."

"Why should you be glad to have so much labor thrown away?"
"Because I don't think it was thrown away.

It was a preparation, a relief, a lesson, a discovery—a great many things," he said, playfully. "I don't understand," she cried, mystified again. "Oh, I'm sure you will understand," he said, with a nervous laugh. "Some people wouldn't,

but you will."

"I'm wild to know," she said, with a smile, clasping her hands and flushing.

He looked at her and laughed the nervous laugh again. "Didn't you suspect that the story was all about myself?" he asked, suddenly.

She sat back in her seat and drew a long breath. "Oldn't you?" 'Didn't you?

"Didn't you?"
"I—I think I half suspected."
"And I didn't suspect till I'd nearly reached the end. I found that I was plucking out my heart's secrets and putting them into my novel. I suppose it's natural for a man to do that. They say you can't help doing it with your first book, and that novel was like a first book after my—my emancipation."

my emancipation."

"Your emancipation?" she repeated, blankly.

"Yes, my literary emancipation," he explained

as if it were a kind of jest.

"You mean that in those twelve years when
you weren't writing stories you'd stored up experiences and they came out unconsclously?"

"Exactly. I knew you'd understand."

"I should think that would be natural," she
said, thoughtfully. Then a strange look appeared
in her face.

in her face.
"What is it?" he asked.

"What is it?" he asked.
"Something—I thought of something."
"Won't you tell me what it was?"
"It was about that—about the husband in the story—about his undermining his wife's faith."
"Yes. You are wondering if I tried to undermine my wife's faith, aren't you?"
"I—I can't say that," she stammered. "But I

"Yes. You are wondering if I tried to undermine my wife's faith, aren't you?"

"I—I can't say that," she stammered. "But I couldn't help thinking—"

"Well, you must think the worse," he said, quietly. "I did."

She looked at him with a look that said she thought he was judging himself harshly.

"I don't know how much you've heard about my life—my married life," he went on rapidly, as if speaking under excitement. "But even if you haven't heard things—I know how people talk—you must have inferred. I want to tell you something about it—as much as I ought to tell. It wasn't the happiest of lives; of course you know that; perhaps it was my fault; sometimes I think it was. But it—it was a mistake from the beginning. I—I was dazzled; I thought it would be a fine thing to marry into one of the old Boston families, and all that. Perhaps it's wrong for me to tell you this. But at the time I thought I was in love, I'm sure of that. But I resolved never to let her know that I'd been mistaken. I gave myself up to her. I gave everything I could give, even my ambition, the most precious of all, and the hardest to give up. And she gave me her love and her faith in God in return," he added, with a bitter smile. "I had concealed my lack of faith from her like a coward. I was afraid it would shock her; I wasn't afraid she'd give me up. But the first two years of my life—while I was waking up to what I had done—oh, they maddened me. I hadn't learned patience then. I wrote my second book; you think it's morbid; I don't see how it could help being morbid. But she was jealous of even my work. Then I gave up my writing to please her; but I had to do something; so I steeped myself in philosophical works, and I argued and argued with her till her faith was gone, and to her dying day she never forgave me for it."

"Why—why do you tell me this?" she asked, putting her hands over her face. She had half-suspected it before; but now that it was presented to her in its baldness it shocked her.

"But I don't want to know the worst. I want to

She felt hot blushes sweeping over her. She had dropped her hands from her face, and now the dropped them in her lap and held down her head. "I didn't know it." she answered.

"I didn't know it myself—until I found it out from the story."
"From the story?" she said, looking up sud-deply, and then, when her eyes met his, dropping

them again.

"Tes; it may seem very foolish, but it's true. It was just as if some other self buried way down beneath consciousness had, told me. Haven't you ever felt that you had two selves? I don't mean Jekyll and Hyde, or anything like that, but haven't you ever felt that in your insermost being there was a second self that told you things now and then about your other self?"

"T think I have felt something like that."

"Well, it's this second self," he went on, with

a smile, "that writes my stories for me. It's very much wiser and more subtle than my first self. Oh, it told me a great many things about myself! But the most important thing it told me was that I loved you."

"You don't really expect me to accept an offer made on such filmsy authority as that, do you?"

she asked, with an amused look, and with a feeling of wonder that she should be able to jest on such an occasion. made on such flimsy authority as that

on such an occasion.
"I can't say that I expect anything," he replied seriously. Then he added brightly: "My second self hasn't told me that you are in love

"Oh, I'm very"-"Oh, I'm very"—
He interrupted her quickly: "I don't expect ou to worship an old fellow like me. Why, I'm sarly forty-five. I've passed the intense age, at I think I care for you with something more an a boy's love. You seem to me all that a yman should be. I'm very selfish in my love; Ionfess that; but I suppose all men are. I have man should be. I'm very seins in a constant that but I suppose all men are. I have by a broken life to offer you, and I want you teelp me live it out—perhaps retrieve it."

10 kept looking down into her lap; her face we still burning. She said to herself that she out to speak at once, plainly; but her tongue seted to be tied. Just as she was about to ret he went on.

"ver since I've known you a great this have seemed different to me. I didn't ever realize this till I found it out from the stor Oh, you mustn't laugh at the story. Perhapsi Put does seem ridiculous; but it is really "Sections. That's one reason why I spoke uteligion—about faith. I had never seen any soes faith impressed me so much as yours. The me me." hapat does seem ridiculous; but it

"Bil'm not religious, I'm not religious," she ried. I'm sure you're mistaken there. I'm not alf areligious as I ought to be, or most women

"Oht isn't that I mean—the seeming to be feligio, It's something 'n yourself that I've notices My wi—Constance noticed it, too. It imprest her. It wouldn't be religion if you went aut displaying it, talking about it. It's someth; in your attitude, something that gives charact You see, I can't explain, but I know just whit is. It made me feel how foolish all my reasings and my questionings and all that —how wrly foolish and hopeless they were. It made n think there was something in the world it I hadn't suspected that couldn't be attained any reasoning. And then when Constance w dying I realized how much it meant—more ta woman, I suppose, than to a man. She seem to be in a kind of despair without it." I don't derstand these doubts." Evelyn cried. Oht isn't that I mean-the seeming to be

sne seem to be in a kind of despair without it."
"I don't derstand these doubts," Evelyn cried.
"I don't bk I've ever had them. I can't help believing its part of my life. I don't deserve any creditr it."

any credity it.

"That's it what I tried to say a momen. Contrait's wh first impressed me with you. Perhaps you c make me feel as you do. You see," he went owith his nervous laugh, "I'm not a dangerous optic any more. I'm as harmless as 'I should be afraid of that," said Evelyn. "I should be afraid of that," said Evelyn.
"I wouldn'bason with you. Women don't believe by reaning. They believe by instinct."
"But I've ver had the religious instinct," he
cried, with ook of exaggerated despair in his

face.
"Then I'mire no one can give it to you."
"But you o't shrink away from me beca

I'm a sceptide you?"
"Why shoul do that? I've just told you that wasn't afr. Some people seem to have no apacity for lief. I have no right to blame

them."
"It's very ange," he said, after a pause—
"religion. We'e always thinking about it and
talking about and trying to supply something
in place of itnit we can't, we can't. Nothing
else can takes place." Then, with a change
of tone he adi: "This is a very queer way
of making a iposal. I came to ask you to
marry me. He you any objection to marrylog on sepostic. ing an agnostic

"I don't knowat I should refuse just because he was an agnic," she said, realizing that she was putting offnat she ought to say, and asking herself if sheere not a coward. "I hope that esn't mean you are going to refuse me for so other reason."

"Oh, I wish 1 hadn't spoken to me in—in this way!" she cl, "I'm so sorry."
"Do you meanat you don't care for me?"
"I think I do e for you," she replied, with a blush, droppiner eyes again, "I like you, and

a blush, droppinar eyes again. "I like you, and I—I respect you.
"Thank you that. It's something," he laughed, "thoughs rather non-committal. But I can't expect yoo care for me as I care for you. That woulee too much. Besides," he went on smiling, I have some confessions to make to you, thin that I ought to tell you before I—before I ayou to be my wife."

She felt her fi growing very hot again, "Please don't mathem," she cried. "It isn't necessary." Then, told herself that she ought to speak out, but, couldn't, and she said to herself that she wahe worst of cowards.
"But I want to 'you," he went on with a

nerself that she wahe worst of cowards.

"But I want to 'you," he went on with a smile. "It's sometg you ought to know. If you marry me, you'l marry a poor man, Perhaps you'll think Firazy, too. I've made over all but a quarter only wife's property to my nieces."

"Indeed," said Eve, trying to keep all ex-

rindeed, said Eve, trying to keep all expression out of her e.

"Yes, their mother n't want me to do it; but I did. She said it v Quixotic. You see I'm telling you all my priarities. You can't say I'm not giving you it warning."

"I admire you for it, velyn replied with a little tremor in her vol.

tie tremor in her vol"That's reward eno," he smiled. "But it
isn't such a sacrifice fore. You know they say
itterary men don't knowe value of money. You
mushit make a hero of. If I were a hero I'd
give up all the propert That's what the hero
would do in a novel, buve kept enough to buy
an interest in "The Unise." You are I've compromised. Heroes neveampromise.

"Oh, you are making very hard for me!" she cried, with apparent relevance.
"Hard?" he repeated, therto she had seemed to him different from moof the women he ha known in her clear reasog about small things and in her consistency. Iwondered why it was that now, at a time when was so important for them to understand eachher, she should seem

unlike herself. Yes, to tell me these tigs. Things I had no

right to know."
"You mean that they de interest you?"
"Oh, yes, they do inter me. They interest me very much. They make respect you—and ad—admire you more thaiver."
"Then why do I make hard for you?" he

"Then why do I make hard for you, asked softly.

"Because—because," sheplied bending over.
"I can't—oh, I am such a vard. I have vacillated too much in my if I've kept putting things off when I ought—en I ought to have done something definite. It's what I'm doing now. Oh, can't you see whi mean?"

"Do you mean that you I't marry me?" he asked gently.

She bowed and said, "Ye feeling relief from her conscience for having d what she ought

her conscience for having d what she ought in the first place to have sa "But I don't want you tuarry me now," he went on with mild insister apparently think-ing that he hadn't male I self clear. "I will

ing that he hadn't male Iself clear. "I will wait. There is no hurry nat is, there is no hurry so far as I am conced. I love you so much I can't bear the thint of your being out in the world, in Fich and world as yours is, too. I have always seenat you weren't fit for that. You were made to help others be happy, not, I can't tell you how precious 1 seem to me, how good you are, with your tht understanding and your patience. Don't y think I know all you have been through, allou've had to contend against It's that thinks made you so

and your patience. Don't y think I know all you have been through, allou've had to contend against? It's that thinks made you so dear to me."

"Oh, don't, please don't, he cried. "I don't deserve it. I know how weal've been—I know how weak I am now."

"No, you haven't really he weak," he went on quietly. "You've been woman, that's all; and you've had to face thworld like a man, Men are made to meet the trials—most men. Men are made to meet the trials-most men Those that don't meet them evely and squarely and overcome them are se to have others just as bad. Through all thyou've had to do, you've kept womanly and ue, and fine and

wholesome."

"Oh, no, no," she said, asiled by his objections. "I've failed where ours have succeeded. I'm not half so—I'm not half have think."

"But you do care for me little, don't you?"
he said. "I thought—that is hoped"—

"Oh, yes, I know," she ed. "I know I've

"Oh, yes, I know," she ed. "I know I've done wrong. I must have ade you think so. That was because I was so wk, because I didn't know my own mind."
"But it's a woman's private to change mind as often as she likes,'ie interposed w

a smile.

"Oh, I change mine too en. I get so confused at times. And it wasist because I was so confused that"—

"That you made me thinhou cared for me?
No, it wasn't that. It was rely my hope that you did, that was all. It de me imagine a great many thing. I knew ere was no reason

great many things. I knew ere was no reason why you should care for me."
"It was on account of thaon account of the talk I had with Mrs. Webbshe went on, de-

ermined to justify herself, "en she was dying. It was that that made me soo uncertain ab talk with Mrs. Webb'he repeated, mys-

"Yes," she replied. "I thent that perhaps she told you. She—she saldou were in love with me then."

She turned away from himrom very shame, for fear of meeting his glar; so she did not see the shocked look that appred on his face.

"She told you that I was love with you then?" he repeated blankly.

She did not reply and in a ment he went on bitterly; "She told you that, suppose, to shock

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ou, to turn you against me. She couldn't have chosen a better way."
"Oh, no, no," she cried, "you misjudge her. I knew it was only her fancy. At first it did shock me. Then I saw that she was not to blame, that no one was to blame."
"Before God, I swear to you that it was not to the control of the control

before God, I swear to you that it was not true," he cried. "I like you, I respected you then. You seemed to me as you do now—all that a woman could be. But I never wavered from my loyalty to her during all the years of our married life."

"Oh, I understand, I understand," she cried helplessly, "I ought not to have "Oh, I understand, I understand," she cried helplessly. "I ought not to have told you. But I felt that I must—to explain—to show you why I have seemed—why I have been so inconsistent. At first, it horrified me, and then I tried to be fair—to be fair to you. For a time it made me fancy that I really did care for you—just because I tried to be just. I said to myself that I wouldn't let the foolish fancy of a dying woman make me do you a wrong. Now I see how silly it all was."

"No, not silly," he said, gently. "I think I can understand. And you are quite right to tell me. It was one of her vagarles, one of her impulses of generosity. But it is presumption for me—for a man as old as I am, with a broken life as my life has been—it's presumption for me to ask you to share it with him. I might have known that it couldn't be, that I should have to accept my life as I'd made it. I'm always preaching that doctrine—that every man has to bear the consequences of his own mistakes. Yet I thought that I might be the exception. Most of us do think that at some time, and then we'll get a stunning blow that shows us how concelted we are. But life is before you—a long life with a great deal of happiness in it, I hope. After all, youth belongs to youth, and you will marry some good young fellow and help him to make the best of his life. And there will be no one that will wish you happiness more heartily than I do." He offered her his hand and she gave him hers, keeping her head turned away from him. He looked down at her face and saw that it was crimson; a faint flush passed over his own face. "Perhaps he has already come," he said as he still held her hand. "Is it fair for me to ask if he has? Is he the one that has made things so clear to you?"

She didn't answer for a moment. Then she said: "There is some one. But I—I" all was."
"No, not silly," he said, gently. "I think I can

She didn't answer for a moment. Then she said: She didn't answer for a moment. Then she said:

"There is some one. But I-I"—

"Ah, I ought not to have asked," he interrupted quickly, with a little smile. "I'm premature. But it will come out al' right. I am sure of that. Don't you know, there are some women who are made to make others happy and they can't make others happy without being happy themselves? You are one of those."

"Oh, no, no," she cried, drawing her hand from his arm and letting "I fall by her side. "Sometimes I think I have been made for unhappiness, I've had so much already."

"But it's only a preparation for the happiness

I've had so much already."

"But it's only a preparation for the happiness that is coming. You'll enjoy it all the more for what you've been through. Only those, you know, who have been unhappy can really know what happiness is." Then, after a pause, during which they stood facing each other, she with her head down, as if she were the one who had received rather than dealt the blow, he went on: "You may be sure that it will be all right. I only hope he is worthy of you."

His gloves were lying on the table and he

hope he is worthy of you,"

His gloves were lying on the table and he turned to take them: "Oh," he said, looking back quickly, "there's one other thing I think I ought to tell you. It's been on my conscience, but I hoped I shouldn't have to tell you." "What is that?" she asked.

"It's about those money orders last summer. Do you remember?"
"I am not likely to forset them." the remember of the property of the p

you remember?"
I am not likely to forget them," she replied, regaining her composure when she found the sub-ject was not sentimental. "I wish I knew for certain who sent that other one."

certain who sent that other one.

"I did." he said.

"You?" she cried, in amazement, "But you told me that you sent the other."

"Yes, I sent both," he replied.
She looked at him incredulously. They were standing face to face in the centre of the room; her head did not reach his shoulder. "Are you joking" she asked.

"I'm perfectly serious," he said, with a faint smile.

smile. "What did you send both for?" "What did you send both for?"
"It was just a sudden fancy—a freak. I sent one first from Nantasket. Then it seemed to me that you would be sure to ask me if I had sent it, and even if I sacrificed the truth in the interest of honesty Constance would be sure to betray me. Of course, I knew that we were to blame. You wouldn't have lost the money but for us. Well, when I was going up to town in the boat it occurred to me that it would be a capital scheme to send you another order. You'd never suspect me of sending both. It worked to a charm and you got your money again."

As he spoke she watched his face, and when he had finished her breath was coming quickly.

have done it." ave done it.

really meant all right; and no one knows
pt myself. It was a very simple thing to

"T think I ought to give you had a common of the common of

"And I am very mach property and I am very mach property of the down to suggest?"
"Oh, no, no," she cried, flushing. "I only wanted to do what was right."
"Besides, I should like to feel that you—that you had suffered from that experience—that day on the boat—as little as possible. You've suffered enough aiready."
"It at least enabled me to know you," she said

And are you really glad of that?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied.
"Thank you for saying it," he said. "I shall always remember it."
"And if I feel that I ought to send the money back, you won't be offended?"
"No, but I hope you won't feel sô. I have a sentiment about it, and I shall be properly grate-

if you don't send it." le turned again to take his gloves from the ta-, and a second time he offered his hand. 'Goodby,' he said. Goodby

"Goodby."

He held her hand for a moment. "I shall see you before before you leave Boston, I hope?"

"We end our season here," she said.

"And what will you do then?"

"I don't know. My plans are unsettled," she replied, flushing.

He noticed the flush, and he said simply, "Ah!"

"But I shall see you before you leave the city?"

"And will you go back to Cohasset?" she issked.

asked.
"No; never again," he repiled.
He stood for a moment looking down at the carpet as if he was hesitating about saying something that he wanted to say. Then he looked up into her face and said, "God bless you," and walked out of the room.

It was the last night of the season at the Hollis Street Theatre. Evelyn had just left the stage after her first scene in the last act. stood in the wings a moment and looked out at the audience. In the fourth row of the orchestra sat Mrs. Cohn, the Stearns boys and Ned Osgood. They had all seen the play before, but at Mrs. Cohn's suggestion they made up a little party to attend this performance. Helen Gordon presently came up and spoke to Evelyn: "Last time; last time," she cried playfully

"Is it the last time for you?" said Evelyn, a slight flush showing for no apparent reason underneath her make-up.

"Yes," Miss Gordon, replied, with a giggle "That's just what I intended to tell you. I've kept it very quiet, but I felt I must let you know. I'm going to be married,"

"Married?" said Evelyn. "Why, I thought' "Oh, I remember. You needn't remind me. I know just what I said. But dear me, I'm always saving those things. I must have some one to love. I've got an awfully affectionate disposition. Who do you suppose it is?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Evelyn, feeling sure that it couldn't be any of the men in the company.

"Why, Judge Cowdrey, of course," cried Miss Gordon, with a little convulsion of rapture and embarrasment. "I congratulate you." said Evelyn, recollecting The congratulate you, said sweeps, reconcerns that she had used those very words when Miss Gordon told her she had obtained the divorce.

"Yes, he was so kind and so attentive that I really couldn't refuse him. He's a lovely man. Of course, he isn't so very young—he's sixty-five. But I always wanted to be an old man's darling. He's ever so rich, and he has a beautiful place out in Flushing. We shall live there—except in winter. We'll come to town in winter."

lyn asked in surprise. It seemed to her that if a woman ever belonged to the stage that woman was Helen Gordon.

"Yes, for a time, anyway. My friends all say that I can't stay off, and they think I'm crazy to get married again—even to a Judge. But we've talked it all over, Rutherford and I—hts name is Rutherford—Rutherford—Cowdrey. Don't you Rutherford—Rutherford Cowdrey. Don't you think it's a lovely name? Mrs. Rutherford Cowdry—what a splendid name to star under! Well, dry—what a splendid name to star under! Well, Rutherford has promised that after we've been married a year, if I want to go on the stage again, he'll put me at the head of a company. But he thinks that I'll get so interested in soci-ety that I sha'n't want te. Well, I don't know. I've had my triumph, anyway. Hasn't it been a great sayson for me?"

reat season for me?"

"Yes, it has," said Evelyn sincerely. "And you've deserved all your success."

"How good of you to say that! Do you know, when we played in 'As You Like it' together I was kind of jealous of you. You see I'm awfully frank. It's my nature. I just hate deceitfulness. But you've been awfully nice this season, and you've done well yourself."

"Thank you," said Evelyn quietly, inwardly amused at Miss Gordon's patronizing manner, but appreciating the effort to be generous.

"Have you signed with Saunderson again?"

"No," said Evelyn, her make-up changing its this again.

"Why, I thought he wanted you for Clarke Ewmake me an offer, but I've decided

not to take it."
"Dear me! How swell we're getting, refusing offers from Saunderson. What have you got—something better? You aren't going to star, are "No." Evelyn replied with a smile, "I haven't

"No." Evelyn replied with a smile, "I haven't signed at ali."

"What!" Miss Gordon cried, "you don't mean to say that you are going to get married, too?"

"Oh, I don't know what I shall do," Evelyn replied, breaking away and hurrying back to her dressing-room. She found Madge there, trying to close one of her trunks. "I say," cried the soubrette, without turning round, as she struggled with the strap, "I' you remember a year ago—that last night up in Yonkers?"

"I'm not likely to forget it."

"It's a good deal different from this, ain't it?
What a lot of things have happened since then!"

"Yes, what a lot," Evelyn echoed, twisting a curl before the mirror.

"Well, you're a lucky girl, that's all I can say."

curl before the mirror.

"Well, you're a lucky girl, that's all I can say."

Then Madge went on, as of continuing a train of thought. "Jimmy'll be wild when he hears I've signed with Saunderson again."

"You'll lose him if you don't look out," said Evelyn, heating her curling iron in the gas. "He'll take some one else."

"Well, I guess I ain't going to give up the stage for any man. I'm not like you. Wasn't I smart

"Well, I guess I ain't going to give up the stage for any man. I'm not like you. Wasn't I smart to hold off till Saunderson gave me the \$5 extra? You ought to have heard us wrangle this morning in Davis's office. He'd just come in from New-York, and he was as sleepy and cross as a bear. But I showed him I wasn't afraid of him, and he kind of chippered up after a while."
"I'm afraid that your habit of holding off will get you into trouble one of these days," said Evelyn, as she rubbed her face with a bit of soft cloth. Well, I guess not. Managers have a good

deal more respect for a girl when they see she's got spunk. Anyway, I wasn't born like you; I can't do the timid society business, but I must say Saundy was awfully nice about you. You ought to have heard him crack you up."

"What did he say?" Evelyn asked absently, as

what did he say. Evelyn asked absently, as if she was thinking of something else.
"Well, he said he was sorry to lose you. He said there was a part in the new piece that you would have been great in. But he said you were too good for the business, and you were sensible too good for the business, and you were sensible to get out of it when you got the chance."
"Did he—did he seem surprised?" Evelyn asked, looking into the looking-glass and rubbing the edge of her lips. She could see Madge's reflection, and Madge knew she could see it; they knew that they were watching each other coverily, and they tacitly ignored the knowledge.

Madge deliberated a moment before replying. "Well, no; he said he'd known it for a week."

Madge could see Evelyn's face in the mirror, and she noticed the change in it. She leaned over in the wooden chair where she was sitting, rested her chin on her two hands, with her elbows on her knees, and said!

"Well, you're the siyest thing I've ever seen in

Well, you're the siyest thing I've ever seen in my life."
"What makes you think so, Madge?" Evelyn laughed.
"When Mrs. Cohn told me this morning." Madke

went on, ignoring the question, "you could have knocked me down with a feather. To think I've been with you all these months and I never sus-pected. I knew something was up; but I never thought it could be that." I didn't intend to b be mean, Madge," said

Evelyn, still account of the second factors retorted almost petulantly. 'He'll use it as an argument. I've been singing your praises for years. He thinks you're a paragon. I used to tell him when I got old I was going to live with you. Now, what'll he say? He'll just argue and

gue. He's so tiresome when he argues." 'I'm very sorry, Madge," said Evelyn with a Well, it can't be helped. I suppose," Madge ighed philosophically. Then she asked:

"To-night," Evelyn replied, seeing her reflec-tion change color again. "He's going to read the last act of the new piece to Mr. Saunder-son in the morning."

"Is he in front?" Madge asked eagerly.
"I don't know. He was coming on the 11 o'clock train."

o'clock train.

o'clock train."
"Oh, then the telegram this morning was from him." Madge said half to herself. She lapsed into slience again, which she broke suddenly: "Who do you suppose I saw in front a few minutes ago-right behind Mrs. Cohn and the boys?"
"I don't know. Who was it?" Evelyn asked.
Madge looked sharply at the reflection to see if it had been fibbing, but it betrayed nothing.
"Mr. Webb," she replied looking steadily at the

mirror. yes, I saw him." "Oh, yes, I saw him."

"Oh, yes, I saw him."

Madge turned from the reflection with an expression of vexation on her face: "Well, if you aren't the queerest thing," she cried.

"States, made no comments, she

And then as Evelyn made no comments, she continued: "Why, I supposed that he was going to be the one."

She waited for Evelyn to speak; but as Evelyn was still silent, apparently absorbed in the nice-ties of her make-up, she resumed again with a temerity that showed she was reduced to des-perate extremities: "I guess I was right after all about his looking down on actresses."

about his looking down on actresses."

Her remark was a distinct success, for Evelyn turned sharply around. "How can you say such a thing," she cried, with an indignation that to the soubrette seemed quite unwarranted. "Mr. Webb is as broad-minded as any man I know. It don't know any man that is broader minded or more chivalrous toward all women than he is," she continued, her eyes flashing.
"Well, there's no use in getting so worked to

Well, there's no use in getting so worked up about it." Madge said apologetically. Then, when Evelyn had turned to the mirror again, she added helplessly: "If you aren't the queerest thing. You get mad when I say one thing and then when I say just the opposite you get mad about that,

too."
"I'm not mad, Madge," said Evelyn with a smile. "And I'm sorry," she went on, turning to the soubrette, "If I've offended you." They sat facing each other for a moment, then

They sat facing each other for a moment, then Madge jumped impatiently from her seat and threw her arms around Evelyn's neck. They clung together, half-laughing and half-crying. "You know I'm just as glad as I can be for you," Madge exclaimed hysterically. "There's no one like you in the whole wide world, and there's no one I love half so much. Only it does seem hard to think we shan't be together any more. It just breaks my heart to think of it."

"But we shall be together a great deal, dear," said Evelyn, patting Madge affectionately on the back. "I shall be in New-York, you know, and you'll stay with us. It will be just the same again."

'No, it won't," the soubrette moaned. "I guess No, it won't, the soudrette moaned. "I guess I know better than that. I guess I know you're a good deal better than I am. I've told Jimmy so a hundred times and he knows it, even if he don't say so. You'll be a big swell an' I'll just be a poor flighty actress, an' I'll get old an' it 'll

"There, there, Madge, please don't. It's silly to talk that way; besides, you'll spoil your make-up." Evelyn laughed. "Well, let me give you one good kiss and a good hug." the soubrette cried. "There! You know I hope you'll be awfully happy. And if I've been hateful about it, it's just because I'm so sorry

from her shoulder and dried her eyes with a little lace handkerchief.

Their make-up had been sadly impaired by Madge's explosion and they both turned to their mirrors and proceeded industriously to repair the ravages. By the time the curtain was up for the next act they were normal again and they went on with their work as if nothing had happened.

Oswald Webb was sitting so near the stage next act they were normal again and they on with their work as if nothing had happened. Oswald Webb was sitting so near the stage that Evelyn could see him across the footlights; she noticed that the seat beside him was vacant. During the last act, however, a young man came in, took the seat and shook hands cordially with Webb. Madge, who was standing in the wings in her gorgeous pink silk frock, with bare neck and arms, saw this proceeding and, catching Eyelyn's eye, laughed and threw a kiss at her. When she went on the stage, she whispered:

"Ain't it funny? S'pose he knows—Mr. Webb, I mean? P'haps he's teiling him now." Evelyn tried to look composed, but she felt miserable, Madge's superabundant vivacity made her scene go briskly; but Evelyn imagined that the act dragged and she wondered if it ever would end. When the curtain fell she heaved a sigh of relief. Helen Gordon and Henry Davidson were in the final tableau, and as soon as the audience had

Helen Gordon and Henry Davidson were in the final tableau, and as soon as the audience had disappeared from their sight, Helen Gordon scrambled from the floor, where she had failen prostrate, and cried dramatically, lifting her arms

apostropne: Farewell, farewell, dear old stage! How I e you! And, oh, how I just hate to leave

love you!' And, oh, how I just hate to leave you!"

She was obliged to throw herself on the floor again, however, as the applause of the audience was so loud that the curtain had to be lifted once more. Evelyn thought as she clung to Harry Davidson's glossy dress-coat—his careless dressing was notorious in the profession—that her own emotions were far different from her associate's. Miss Gordon was smiling when she picked herself up a second time. "I wonder if that was an omen," she said, passing her hand-kerchief over her lips. In spite of her intelligence she was very superstitious. "I may come back to it after all. Oh, you dear place" she cried, looking up into the files and surveying the whole dingy place with a sweeping glance. Then she turned to Evelyn again, and taking her hand, she said:

Oak, Cherry or Maple, Madge has told me. I'm so glad. He's just the right kind for you and you're awfully lucky to get him. You weren't fit for this business any

way."
"I suppose not," said Evelyn, who didn't en-joy being told by others what she often told her-

joy being told by others what she often told herself.

"I suppose you'll live in New-York and take
in all the first nights," Miss Gordon went on.
"I intend to. And then you can give him lots of
points about plays—from your experience. Most
of these literary men that try to write plays are
so impracticable. It seems so strange," she
mused, holding her handkerchief in a ball in her
right hand with one finger on her lip. "But
don't you think you'll go on again—really?"
"Never!" Evelyn replied emphatically.
"He could write a play for you and give you
all the fat," Miss Gordon smiled.
"It wouldn't tempt me," Evelyn smiled in return.

turn.

"I wish he'd write a play for me," the actress mused, oblivious of the fact that she was about to retire. Then she went on vivaciously: "I'li call to see you, anyway, and we must have you down in Flushing. We're to be married early next month, and then we'll go to Newport for a while and perhaps to Narragansett. But we'll be back by September. When is yours to be?"

"I don't know exactly," said Evelyn, qualling before Miss Gordon's definiteness. "Not before August, anyway."

before Miss Gordon's definiteness. "Not before August, anyway."
"And will you go to Cohasset again?"
"Yes. I shall be with Mrs. Cohn till—till August."
"Well, if you see Miss Finley give her my love, said Miss Gordon serenely. "I can't understand why she hasn't been near me since I've been in Boston. She's not written a line—not a line about me. But I guess she will, when she hears of my engagement. Well, goodby, dear. I'll send you cards," she cried, kissing Evelyn. "And if you'll let me know where you are, I'll look you up."

you'll let me know where you are, I'll look you up."

Miss Gordon took herself off to her dressingroom, and before Evelya could escape to hers
several members of the company surrounded her,
clamoring congratulations. Madge had evidently
been busy during the whole of the evening. She
finally broke away from them, however, and hurried into the wings. In the corridor she came face
to face with Mrs. Cohn and the boys, flanked by
Oswald Webb and Clarke Ewing. She looked at
them in amazement; she could hardly believe her
eyes, she was wholly unprepared for this visitation. As the boys had been dining at the boarding-house, she shook hands with Ewing and
Webb only.

only.

've just heard the news," cried Ned. "If

've just heard the news," cried Ned. "If

"We've just heard the news," cried Ned. "If Mr. Ewing weren't here, we'd all kiss you."
"Well, you may kiss me if you want to," Evelyn cried, laughing nervously.
"I don't dare in public," Ned replied, shaking her hand and blushing furiously.
"I suppose that Roscoe and Geraid wouldn't kiss me even if I asked them," she smiled, as they offered her their hands.
"We're afraid of setting Ned a bad example," said Roscoe. "He's been worse than ever lately," Gerald cried "I wish you could have seen how he be-haved during the play. He kept clapping at the

wrong places."

This relieved the situation and they all followed
Everyn to the dressing-room where Madge was
already in her street costume and ready to re-"It was very lucky, our meeting, Mr. Ewing," said Mrs. Cohn in her soft voice, running her hand down the open door of the room. "We couldn't have come here if we hadn't. Evelyn wouldn't let us when we suggested it to-night,"

e said, turning to Ewing.
"It reminds me of the night I 'suped' at the era," Ned cried, looking around.
"I was afraid Mr. Saunderson wouldn't like it," Evelyn explained. "I didn't ask his permission," Ewing cried

gayly.
"And didn't the doorkeeper object?" Evelyn asked, knowing the invincible nature of the doorepers.
"Not when he heard I was the Great Author,"

"Not when he heard I was the Great Author,"
Ewing replied with mock grandeur.
"I'm sorry I can't ask you all in," Evelyn said
as they stood at the door of the dressing-room.
"The place wouldn't hold you all."
Madge was already deep in conversation in
the corridor with the boys and with Willie Boyd,
who had been waiting for her. Clark Ewing had
begun to talk to Mrs. Cohnp—she had waiked
a few yards away from the room and was standing under the gaslight, so Oswald Webb had an
opportunity to speak with Evelyn alone.

opportunity to speak with Evelyn alone.
"It must seem very odd, my coming here tonight," he said. "But when Ewing asked me to ome I couldn't refuse, especially after what he

come I couldn't refuse, especially after what had told me."

"It was very kind of you to come," she replied, unable to formulate any but the conventional speech.
"I congratulate you with all my heart," he said.
"It's just the right thing. I wonder I hadn't thought of it. It only shows what a stupid old feare I am."

fogey I am."
"Thank you," she replied quietly, and then "Thank you for your note about the money, too," she went on, to make the conversation a little less personal. "It was kind of you to take it in that way. But I felt that I had to send it. I couldn't feel satisfied till I had sent it."
"The your were quite right," he

couldn't feel satisfied till I had sent it."

"Oh, of course. Then you were quite right," he said. "I wanted especially to see you to-night," he added, "to bid you goodby."

"Are you going away?" she asked quickly.

"Yes, I'm going to sail next week—from New-York. I'm going to join the girls and their father in England. We shall do the lakes to-gether; the girls have never been through the lake country. I shall be glad to see their father again. We used to be great friends; but I haven't seen him for years."

"Then you are coming back in the fall?" Then you are coming back in the fall?"

"Perhaps. I can't tell yet."
"But your plans—'the Universe'?" "Have you decided?" "I've decided not to do anything about it till the fall," he interrupted. "The offer is open to me till then." "I hope that you will take it," she cried. "It

ould be such a pity not to,"
"You are very kind to say that," he said, with

a faint smile.

"Before you go—won't you do something for me?" she said impulsively.

"I will do anything for you," he answered

bition, I mean your work. It seems so foolish to give up on—on account"——she stammered, and he helped her out of the difficulty by finishing the sentence for her. "On account of you," he "On account of me, or any other woman," she But it was you who gave me my incentive,"

"But it was you he said.
"Then you must keep it up yourself," she went on. "I'm sure you are strong enough for that."
"Will it make any difference to you—really?"
"Yes, it will make a great difference," she replied simply. "You have done so much for me, and I want" and I want"—
"I have done so much," she repeated, in a tone
of surprise. "What have I done?"
"Oh, you made me see things so differently—
when I was unhappy, when everything and everybody seemed dull and sordid to me. You made me
see how much there was in life—how much that
was good."

was good."
"Thank you for telling me that," he said.
"Then you will promise?"
"T'll promise to try—to do my best," he said with a laugh, at the same time extending his hand.
"Then I know you will be successful," she said.
Ewing came back with Mrs. Cohn to say his

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"So we shan't see you till the fall, then?" he said. "I hope you'll have a pleasant trip and when you come back you must put that 'Universe' scheme of yours through. We need men like you in New York." Webb broke away from the group, bade Madge and the boys goodby, and disappeared down the

corridor.

Mrs. Cohn had watched the scene with her

Mrs. Cohn had watched the scene with herbright little eyes, gathering splendid material for one of the most interesting of her letters to her husband, but, in spite of her bright loke, she was very tired and Evelyn detected her in the act of yawning.

"You musn't wait for me, dear," she said. "It will take half an hour to dress and pack my things. If you and Madge and the boys will go along, Mr. Ewing will take me home."

"But we're going to have a little supper, you know," Mrs. Cohn cried. "So hurry! Texthome, of course, Mr. Ewing, It's in honor of you know—and someone else," she laughed. The alacrity with which she acted on Evelyn's suggestion made Ewing suspect that her yawn had. It was nearly three-quarters of an hour before Evelyn was ready to leave the theatre. Most of the actors had gone and darkness and silence reigned in the place. She closed the door beaind her and hurried down the corridor. She found Ewing chatting with the doorkeeper. He took her bag from her hand and they left the theatre together.

"It was very nice of Mrs. Cohn to give me a

"It was very nice of Mrs. Cohn to give me a chance to walk home with you alone." he said, when she had adjusted herself to his arm.
"It was just like her.' she repited. Her voice was partly muffled behind her thick veil.
The little side street where they were walking was nearly deserted, but from either end they could hear the clanging of the electric cars in Washington and Tremont sts.
"I wanted to come on before last Tuesday," he said, "as soon as I got your letter. But I had to work over the third act with Saunderson and I couldn't. He wasn't satisfied with it as I first

to work over the third act with Saunderson and I couldn't. He wasn't satisfied with it as I first wrote it. Your letter made me very happy."
"Yours made me happy, too," she said, looking down and smilling through the veil.
"I couldn't help speaking out," he said. "I tried not to, I was afraid of shattering everything—all my hopes. Then I was afraid I couldn't finish the p'ay if I—well, if you refused me."

'But you have finished it, haven't you?" she

"But you have finished it, haven't you?" she asked.

"Yes, I have now, but I hadn't when I wrote that letter. I made a resolution not to speak out till I'd written the last line of the last act—the 'tag,' actors call it, don't they? Some one says that an author ought not to let anything interrupt his work; he ought to keep on writing whether he's in good spirits or bad spirits, or crossed in love, or anything else. Well, I used to think so, too. Then when the test came my theories went to the winds. I found myself writing under the influence of love as I had never written before, and I didn't want to spoil it all," he laughed, "for I knew that if I lost hope I never could finish the piece. You ought to have seen me work after I got your letter. My pen fairly flew!"

She laughed quietly, brushing her face against his coat-sleeve. "You don't know how I—how glad I was to write it," she confessed.

They were in the glare of Tremont-st, by this time; so he couldn't make the proper acknowledgment of this speech. He had to content himself with pressing her arm more closely in his own. "Shall we take a car?" he said.

"No, let's walk. It isn't far," she replied.

They said very little as they walked down Tremont-st, as far as West; they were content to be silent; they had so much to say that couldn't be put into words, things that were too fine for any speech. She forgot all about the past; the present was so happy that it excluded all thoughts of any other time. At West-st, they turned into the Common. The great trees with their rich foliage were very sombre in the darkness of the night. As they walked up the path toward Beacon-st., he said: "I've been writing about people in love for years, and trying to tell how they felt. I thought i could imagine is how they felt. I thought i could imagine is any more. Why, I wouldn't change the world is any particular if I could."

She laughed softly again and sald that so much depended on the way you looked at things, on the any particular if I could."

She laughed softly again and said that so much depended on the way you looked at things, on the

"Now, to-night," he went on, as they walk "Now, to-night," he went on, as I talked with Oswald Webb, he seemed so sombre. It wasn't so much what he said, but the way he said it and the way he looked at everything. I wanted to slap him on the back and say, 'Cheer up, old man! There's lots in life for you, yet.' I thought he might have shown a little more spirit, too, for I'd just told him the news."

"Ah!" said Evelyn.

"Of course, he seemed glad and all that. He's such a good-hearted fellow, and he's done a lot for me. I shall never forget that. But I wish he wouldn't take himself so seriously. He ought to get married again."

Then, feeling that unless she spoke out she should be a hypocrite, she told him in a few words the whole story of her acquaintance with Ooswald Webb. He listened in silence, without interrupting her. When she had finished they were in Mount Vernon-st., almost at the boarding-house. "Poor, poor chap!" he said, half to himself.
"How I must have tortured him to-night.
"How I had such hard work to get him to come
round to see you. And to think that I made him
round to see you. And to think that I made him

come! Oh, how often it is that one man's happeness makes another man's misery."
"Yes," she replied, clinging closer to his arm
"That's one of the terrible things about happiness."
(The End.)

Broadway, N. Y.